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WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1913.

The Easiest Way.

"Once let the diplomats get hold of a question," said John Hay, "and there's little chance of war."

Happily the controversy with Japan over the alien land legislation enacted in California has been in the hands of the diplomats from the first. Of the good faith of both governments there can be not the slightest doubt. Mr. Bryan's love of peace and abhorrence of war is manifest two or three times a day. Viscount Chinda, graduate of an American college, has a fond regard for our people, and, in all respects, must know the utility of any Japanese war with the United States.

Occasional jingoistic outbursts in Tokyo have not disturbed the Japanese government, although they were doubtless resorted to for domestic political purposes. We are told that the authority of the Tokyo government has lessened since the old Mikado died and that the government and the ruling classes must be more responsive to the popular will.

That should be a deterrent to war, for in no country have the great tolling masses ever clamored for war. The struggle for existence is keen in Japan. The inroads of war still are evident in the reduced circumstances of many families, while we are accustomed to regard the Japanese in a mist of feudal, fatalistic ardor, we cannot be blind to the increasing socialistic spirit and socialism that ever is the foe of war. We are often warned that "the Japanese when they decide to strike will strike without warning." An idea prevails that this occurred at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war. Hardly. Japan for ten years had been preparing to fight Russia. Money, men, and arms were accumulated for the purpose. Diplomatic relations had been suspended and all the world knew war was at hand before the Japanese struck simultaneously at Port Arthur and Chemulpo.

The Russian advance was a military aggression. The bear walked like a man jingled with saber and spurs, and it was the downward sweep of a mailed paw over Korea that brought the issue. But even then the diplomats staved the conflict off for months.

Fortunately the situation is in their hands now; militarists here are as anxious for peace as Andrew Carnegie, and there is no evidence that militarists in Tokyo are seeking to complicate the problem.

If Ship Subsidy, Why Not All?

Representative F. A. Britten of Illinois urges the repeal of that clause of the Panama Canal act which provides for the remission of tolls to American coasting ships. He not only believes that this clause contravenes the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, but that it conflicts with the treaty with Panama by which we obtained title to the Canal Zone.

When the canal toll question is taken up the argument may be repeated that such remission is necessary to build up our depleted shipping. The American merchant marine today is in a sad state. Since the '70's or '80's the tonnage has been on the decline, until now it is but a shadow of its former self. Answering the question as to what has brought this about, the Chicago Record-Herald says:

The answer lies in that much discussed and still unsolved question, the tariff. When protection to the iron industry raised the price of rails and locomotives the increase was added to the freight rates and the shipper paid it. He had no other choice. But when this higher priced iron was used in a ship the freight could not be advanced to cover it, for the reason that the shipper had an alternative; he could employ English ships.

The protectionists, eager for an extra tax on which they could assess the people, demanded the tariff. The shipping industry had the alternative of a subsidy—but the temper of the American people with regard to subsidy is well known. Free ships and free men form the plea made by some who are desirous of seeing a greater merchant marine. The Underwood bill has taken up free shipbuilding materials in a way not wholly satisfactory because of its ambiguous handling. Yet it is a start and that is much. As to free men, changes are urged in the present laws, which will enable seamen to equalize their wages, which would remove an advantage which the foreign shipowner has over the American. Our laws prohibit foreign ships from enter-

ing the coastwise trade. The latter is a monopoly. It is the American merchant marine in the foreign trade that is languishing, and yet toll remission applies only to the coast shipping monopoly. American shipping in the foreign trade is thus left to shift for itself.

What becomes of the argument that toll remission will build up our merchant marine?

Mr. Taft at Yale.

Former President Taft, Kent professor of law, comes to the law students at Yale not only posted thoroughly as to the subjects on which he is to impart instruction, but also he comes fresh from the school of great experience. Mr. Taft was not a shrewd politician, but no one ever has denied that he possesses a judicial mind. This, coupled with the fact that now he is in a position to give frank expression to his opinions without fear or favor, makes Mr. Taft a valuable addition to the faculty of Old Ely.

It may be stated without fear of contradiction that he is the last person who would use the class room for the ventilation of his disappointments. Thus taken in all, what Mr. Taft says should have great weight in training the legal mind. His first lecture was on "Some Questions of Government." He denounced the initiative and referendum as similar to legislation during the French revolution and contrary to the spirit of the Constitution. He spoke with authority. He is sound in his advocacy of a graduated income tax which would include all incomes of more than \$1,000. He might even have suggested a lower minimum to carry out his theory that "everybody ought to contribute something in order that he may feel more responsibility in the government because of his payment."

This in good time may become prophetic. The \$3,000 between Mr. Taft's standard and the minimum now proposed may be the foundation for providing for the deficit that may follow the lowering of the tariff rates. This is as plain as it is sound logic, for the number of incomes between these points are many. Those outside of the larger figure are comparatively few. Perhaps the revenue which the government is expecting to derive from them has been greatly—seriously—overestimated.

Huerta Should "Read Up."

We are surprised at the wording of the complaint made by Gen. Huerta as to the delay of the United States government in recognizing his provisional administration. Perhaps by "reading up" he and his advisers might become better posted and save their country and this unnecessary annoyance and red tape. When it comes to facts, we already have recognized the Huerta government "de facto," since we are doing business with the provisional President. But as to recognition "de jure" this is withheld for reasons which should appeal to the Mexicans with peculiar force.

The republics of Central America, a few years ago, agreed in a formal treaty, which still is in force, that they would not recognize any new government which might come into power in any of these countries either as the result of a coup d'etat, or in consequence of a rebellion, so long as the freely elected representatives of the people have not constitutionally organized their country afresh. Mexico was a co-signatory to this treaty to which the United States gave moral support, laying down a rule of conduct among the Central American states. Hence, how can Mexico object to the adoption of the selfsame reasonable rule between herself and this country?

France and Our New Tariff.

A great deal of the trouble now again threatened between the United States and France as a result of certain clauses of the new tariff bill seems to grow out of the terms of the proposed customs provisions. If it is true that the French government has notified this government (informally) that the passage of the pending tariff law will result in difficulties involving the possible application of the French maximum rates to our domestic goods, the situation is one that should find due consideration.

There has been constant difficulty and friction for the past few years between our Treasury and those engaged in the French trade. Secretary MacVeagh's "sample order" and the "Limoges" problem worked up by the department officials caused a deal of ill feeling and trouble, and the application of the maximum rates of the Payne-Aldrich bill was not conducive to a better understanding.

While this country cannot be expected to yield to foreigners in the making of its domestic laws, there should be care taken to give no unnecessary offense to our commercial friends abroad. Some day we may need them as they need us now.

The Crocus.

The Crocus, in classic mythology, was in love with the goddess Hestia. His love being unrequited, he was changed by the gods into the crocus plant. Crocus, they say, was a lovely youth. Desperately fond of Miss Hestia, fair; but she loved another, to tell the truth. And gave poor Crocus the distant stare. With his love thus spurned, this foolish fellow pestered the gods till they turned him yellow.

In these modern days, poor Crocus, true, for a while, at least, might feel quite blue. But before their wrath the gods could unfurl. You can bet he'd have found another girl.

—James Otis Smith, in Judge.

NATION'S MEN OF AFFAIRS IN CARTOON



JAMES A. O'GORMAN,
United States Senator from New York.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

BACKYARD EPISODE.

I thought my fence was twenty feet.
Which wasn't much.
But when I tried to make it neat
I got in Dutch.

I spread the whitewash on like fun.
Worked very hard.
And in an hour I found I'd done
About a yard.

I eyed that fence, despairing wretch.
For quite a while.
Its vast expanse appeared to stretch
For half a mile.

And then I threw my brush away.
Abandoned shame,
And went to see the home team play
A corking game.

Senatorial Saying.

"Let me go on the junkets of a country," says Senator Wombat, "and I care not who makes the laws."

Must Be Reckless.

"Women, like a brave man," remarked the first chaplain.

"That's right," assented the other chaplain. "A fellow's got to be reckless where women are concerned. If a girl offers you a kiss, waste right in. Don't stop to ascertain if her lips have been sterilized."

In London.

"Well, how's progress?"
"We hit the prime minister in the eye yesterday with a rotten apple," announced the militant suffragette, "and tomorrow we are going to burn the king's woodshed. If this isn't progress, what is?"

Something in Sight.

Guess my peach tree's on the job.
And it fairly makes me screech.
It has grown a small green knob
That looks greatly like a peach.

May Win Later.

"What's the matter, old chap?"
"I have lost my girl. And that's the second I have lost this spring."

"Well, the baseball sharpshooter agrees that it's better to do your losing early in the season."

May Messings.

The tired business man seems to root as hard as anybody when at the ball park.
We suppose there are even people sick enough to secure theater tickets on credit.
The mad rush for wealth is superseded now by the mad rush for the ball park. They can't push the lily, but look out for the park bench.
Sometimes the summer squash that you thought was an onion turns out to be a kidney bean or an egg plant.

Wayside Philosophy.

"Easy Street must be a nice street to live on," remarked the first hobo.
"That's nothing to me," declared the second wayfarer. "I never found that the alley back of it provided anything extra in the way of pickings."

The Amendment Amendment.

From the Fort Herald-Transcript.
The present constitution of Illinois, adopted more than half a century ago, cannot be expected to fit modern conditions so perfectly that only one amendment may be considered at every general election. The first step toward revising the organic law should be the adoption of an amendment which will make amendment easier. And the best way for the Governor and the law revisers to take an onion turn out to be a measure to compromise by helping the amendment amendment through first.

Mexican Pronouncing Chart.

From Letter to Kansas City Star.
Huerta, pronounced Wherta; first syllable like English "where"; accent on first syllable.
Dias, pronounced Desha; accent on first syllable.
Cobden, pronounced Co-wa-lah; accent on "wa."
Reyes, pronounced Ray-yes; accent on Ray.
Vasquez Gomez, pronounced Vah-kees Gomez; accent on first syllable.
Zapata, pronounced Bah-pah-lah; accent on Zap.

STATESMEN—REAL AND NEAR

By FRED C. KELLY

Representative Michael Donohoe of Philadelphia has only ten children. A little while ago one of the ten conducted some quiet experiments with parlor matches and pleasantly set fire to the Donohoe house. The fire department promptly responded, as the papers say. "Well, well," said one of the firemen, when he got into the house and saw some of the family scurrying about, "thought from the outside that it was a private dwelling, but blamed if it ain't a schoolhouse."

Representative Phil Campbell of Kansas was asked by a colleague what kind of a man a certain other young Congressman happened to be. "I don't know him well," said Campbell, "but last winter I saw a mischievous boy throw a snowball at him. Instead of chasing the boy or throwing one back at him, he turned and stared at him, and exclaimed, peevishly, 'How dare you?' That's all I know about him."

When he was a member of the House, Postmaster General Burleson was constantly dropping in at the Census Bureau to get advance reports about things pertaining to Texas agriculture. When Census Director North was succeeded by Mr. Durand he told his successor: "Now, there's a Congressman over here from Texas named Burleson, who is a fellow who takes a notion to drop in on you. You may not always feel like giving out in advance. But you might as well do it. When he starts after anything he'll get it, and you'll save yourself a lot of time and trouble by handing him anything he asks for."

When C. H. Tavenner, one of the young members of the House, was a campaigner last fall, he dropped into a little town where he was little known, and which he expected to be carried by his opponent. A native of the place came up and introduced himself. "Things are coming your way nicely," said the native. "You're going to have a supreme clinch."

"Well, well," murmured Tavenner gratefully. "That's not only encouraging but surprising. I hardly expected to do much down here."

"Oh yes," went on the man, "it's going to be easy. The fellow House doesn't know the people, and I guess he isn't much of a fellow, anyhow."

"I'm certainly interested in hearing all this," said Tavenner. "The only trouble is that I'm Tavenner."

Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma, the part Indian Senator, is a diet hobbyist. His knowledge of historical dates, of chronology, heraldry, and genealogy was cyclopaedic, and one of his favorite amusements was to go through the succession in the Episcopal Sees and trace the pedigree of families.

"In only one direction," continues Mr. Hird, "would this wonderful memory seem to have been of direct service. Threlkeld was one of the managers of a fund for the benefit of the widows of Presbyterian ministers, and consequently was frequently appealed to on circumstances connected with the lives of dead ministers, and such most puzzling questions of brother ministers, sometimes actually for information, but generally for mere amusement. He was never known to be wrong. Threlkeld's powers of memory, however, were not solely concerned with theology. He also was a linguist, and knew nine or ten languages, while dates were a passion with him, no matter how unimportant. His knowledge of historical dates, of chronology, heraldry, and genealogy was cyclopaedic, and one of his favorite amusements was to go through the succession in the Episcopal Sees and trace the pedigree of families.

a seat! For four years he was so busy that he did not have time to sit down!"

Every time he receives a letter from a constituent who seems the least bit disgruntled, Representative Lindbergh of Minnesota immediately writes that man a letter asking his advice about something. And no constituent can long remain ill-humored toward a Congressman who displays his sound judgment by seeking able advice on the great questions of the day.

Although he was the head of big agricultural schools before he entered the Cabinet, Secretary of Agriculture Houston is not himself the graduate of any such institution. His specialty is the science of government and economics. He taught economics at the University of Texas.

Chief Flynn, of the Secret Service, has a way of making friends with counterfeits he has captured. One of these has saved his life three or four times by tipping him off to plots against him. (Copyright, 1913, by Fred C. Kelly. All rights reserved.)

Fests of Memory.

From Tid-Bits.
Of the many examples of prodigious memories which have been recorded from time to time, none, perhaps, have been so remarkable as the case of Rev. Thomas Threlkeld, who was a Presbyterian minister at Rochdale for twenty-eight years and died there in April, 1886, at the age of sixty-seven. Threlkeld's memory first attracted attention when he attended the grammar school at Daventry, where he began to make a close study of the Bible.

Both at Daventry and Warrington, where he went to finish his education, his fellow-students delighted in putting his memory to the test, and never once was it known to be at fault. "In later years," says Frank Hird in "Lancashire Stories," "Threlkeld was looked upon as a living concordance to the Bible in Rochdale and the neighborhood, and he was constantly asked the most puzzling questions of brother ministers, sometimes actually for information, but generally for mere amusement. He was never known to be wrong. Threlkeld's powers of memory, however, were not solely concerned with theology. He also was a linguist, and knew nine or ten languages, while dates were a passion with him, no matter how unimportant. His knowledge of historical dates, of chronology, heraldry, and genealogy was cyclopaedic, and one of his favorite amusements was to go through the succession in the Episcopal Sees and trace the pedigree of families.

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Restoring Civilization.

From the Chicago Journal.
For six or seven thousand years the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates has been one of the richest and most densely populated regions of the world. Then came the blighting Turk. Civilization withered, irrigation canals were abandoned, fertile lands went back to desert. The region which was the granary of the ancient world became a poor that wandering Arabs hardly thought it worth raiding.

Now modern science and British capital are trying to restore the lost prosperity of Babylon and Chaldea. Irrigation works estimated to cost \$100,000,000 are in progress. Several million acres are to be put under ditch; another large area is to be reclaimed from the overflow of the river is to be drained. In thirty years or so this ancient land may be as prosperous as it was in the days of Nebuchadnezzar. But consider what an expensive substitute for civilization would be the Turk.

"Tis a Good Horse Who Never Stumbles"

The writer recently saw a milk wagon drop its master on the west side of 18th Street and the horse immediately crossed, without STUMBLING, to the east side, where the horse knew the next stop.

If an old horse, by careful training, can pick his steps, surely you have a right to expect THE OLDEST LUMBER FIRM in the District, to pick the best lumber and millwork and protect you from bad lumber and millwork.

Boards, dressed.....\$2.25, \$3, and \$4 per 100 ft.
Flooring, dressed.....\$2.00, \$3, and \$4 per 100 ft.
Red Cedar Planks for Cedar Chests and Cedar Boxes.
The best thing to keep out moths.

The Frank Libbey
Lumber & Mill Work Co.
Sixth Street and New York Ave. Washington, D. C.

Court Gossip of Interesting Events on Two Continents

(Copyright, 1913, by A. D. Jacobson.)

China will have to start on a kind of standardization of her language, such as Britain undertook in the fourteenth century. It isn't only a matter of words and grammar; more important are construction and pronunciation. The English dialects probably are as diversified as any. Put a Cornish miner and a Northumberland miner together for the first time and each would only have a faint glimmering of the meaning of the other's speech. What would the Cornishman think of "What make's you an shah?" He would express the same meaning in "What be her like then?" (The plain English is "What is she like?") A Londoner, for the first time hearing the Dorset dialect, would be bewildered by a farm laborer's talk; he could only get a glimmer of meaning here and there. Pidgin-English has long been the Esperanto of China. Men from Canton and a native of Tientsin resort to it as the only possible medium for mutual understanding. But here is another device for the Chinese Parliament: Why not write the speeches, instead of speaking them? Not only are the written characters the same throughout China, but there are almost identical in China, Japan, and Korea, however widely the spoken words differ. Business men in these countries, who could not converse, communicate easily by letter, and in the Chinese-Japanese war Japanese and others could always make Chinese natives understand their wants by scratching the characters in snow or sand with their bayonets.

Judging from what has appeared in more than one prominent organ of the British press upon questions vital to the Chinese people, it would seem that one would have to return to such hackneyed queries as "Has China Any Hope?" The picture is dark. We are told that the Chinese have no hope; that, having dispossessed themselves of what civilization centuries of Confucianism gave to them, they have not a tithe of national stamina, nothing either Eastern or Western to hold on to. "Classical age," we are told, has been superseded by the age of the bowler hat and the ill-fitting frockcoat; law and order are gone; hoodlums are the "Kao-lao-buei" reign; the government is without prestige, policy or power. Thus do close observers write today upon current Chinese topics. Those who see no good either in Young China, or that part of Old China that is left, declare that the pendulum has swung over so far that the Chinese people never again will fill the position in the family of nations that they occupied at the time of the passing of Manchu dynasty.

It makes sad reading. And it is all the more sad because, looking over the surface of the nation, one sees really many lamentable signs of disruption and discord. The whole nation seems to be divided into two parts: political and non-political. The man who is occupied with unceasing solicitude about the means of subsistence remains contented within that limit prescribed to him by his wants and necessities, he, together with the famished, the blind, the blind, the maimed, is of the nonpolitical class. And in China there are millions of this class. Men who probably have not yet heard that the Manchus have been deposed, or who, having heard, have not yet carried on the heaven-sent Messiah to carry on the great Celestial mandate in due accord with universal belief among the common people.

Then there is in China for the moment another class, the political. This is composed of Young China and the very young China, whose chief faculty seems to be to swing from one extreme to the other. The pessimistic would compare the affairs of this class to a pendulum that vibrates continually from one side to another without making progress in any direction. The optimistic, having found that they have gone too far in one direction, have speedily recurred and now have reached the golden mean, settling down to solid work. But there are many other factions, that one finds difficulty in a condensation of the national affairs. This, however, does not refer to the governmental party—such men as Yuan Kai, Li Yuan Hung,

From Omaha Bee.
European critics never tire of ridiculing America's indifference to art and lack of artists. They regard us as totally insensitive about such matters, although they must admit we have some very fine art collectors. At least, certain individual Americans have managed to obtain very cordial welcomes abroad as patrons of the best and oldest masters. Art, it appears, is not so ethereal as it is in contact with the blighting touch of our coarse American money. We may not have the artistic temperament, but we have what seems to cheer and comfort it in those who claim to have it.

Turning from our illustrious peripatetic connoisseurs, we have a few stay-at-homes not so mean in their way. They display their skill chiefly at the auction sales, the novelty in which just at present is to see how speedily they may be held. The record-breaker is a recent one in New York, at which in fifty minutes \$200,000 worth of art was sold. Single specimens went for as much as \$25,000, \$50,000, and \$60,000. To appreciate the American sense of art it is necessary to get the proper viewpoint. With us it is not so much a matter of temperament as the ability to bid.

Shy on Both.

From Judge.
"The golden eagle is very rare, isn't it?"
"But I don't find it any more so than just the ordinary \$10 bill."

CANDLES

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Stew."

A candle is a cylinder of tallow or wax, with a wick in it. It is used principally to show off a rare old or an expensive new candlestick.

When a candle is lighted it makes a tiny, tapering hole in the darkness. This is principally valuable because it prevents the passerby from running into the candles. If the candle is in good health and is burning well, it can be detected readily in a large room without the aid of a searchlight. Candles are decorative and romantic, and also are useful in some forms of religious worship, but only a hopeless backnumber would attempt to illuminate anything with them. When a modern citizen is left in his cozy home with only a dozen candles between him and the velvet night, he feels his way to the telephone and tells the electric light company that unless it repairs its fault in ten minutes he will file suit for damages.

This is interesting, because at one time in history folks used candles as a luxury. The rich man stuck candles around his home and puffed out his chest about it, while the poor man lighted a pine knot and longed for the time when he, too, could indulge in candles, forks, soap, and other marvels of modern luxury.

Of course, in those days when the candle was the most effective method of chasing the dark out of doors, man was able to accomplish just little after dark. Looking on the few flames of the candle shining in the gloom like a misplaced strawberry mark, we can

Huangshing, Sun Yat Sen, and others of the more established section, who have not relinquished their endeavors to save their country from a last great fall, which would be the "debach."
It is unfortunate that Europe, during the past few critical months has not been getting the facts of what has been passing in China. In the veritable welter of political chaos and loan affairs, of opium lies, reports that come from the Chinese press, it is by no means an easy task rightly to interpret passing events. A few weeks ago Europe and America were incensed at the atrocious piece of savagery, when the governor of Kwangsi caused some thirty lepers to be driven into a pit and there shot down or burnt to death. This happened under Republican rule, and the governor, whose work this was, is said to enjoy great popularity and the confidence of the people. In Szechuen robbers abound; they rule the officials, plunder, loot, and murder at will. They capture the defenceless gentry, hold them for ransoms and kill them, if the money is slow in coming.

In other parts of China the troops are reported to be restless. The officials have no money to pay them, and so they start a process of looting.

From still other districts come reports of tranquillity and prosperity. The people are loyal, home and foreign trade has been given a boost, and merchants, travelers, officials, and missionaries tell of progress in every direction. There is a desire for education, for Christian literature, for all that would help them to understand the change and the great possibility that lies before China if peace prevails.

Such, generally speaking, is the complicated outlook in the country. In the Yangtze provinces trade has never been known to be brisker, and from the Pacific to Tibet, from Mongolia to Tonkin, there is a call among the people for those things best calculated, in their opinion, to enable them to swing into line and accomplish the dreams of material prosperity that many of China's foremost men of today unremittingly toll for.

In the capital Yuan Shi-kai still holds firm sway. Some say he cannot get a quorum at the National Assembly, and it is true that he cannot, even on such an important matter as the proposed increase of the salt tax. But every day that Yuan has held the national reins has made him a stronger ruler. No matter what might have been the case at the time he took the Presidential chair, there is not a foreign student of Chinese affairs who would not accord him the honor of being President, and believe that he, of all men in China, deserves the honor. FLANER.

Appreciating Art.

From Omaha Bee.
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